

Production No. 7G10__

The Simpsons

"Homer's Night Out"

Written by

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TABLE DRAFT

Date 8/23/89

THE SIMPSONS

"Homer's Night Out"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
MAIL CARRIER.....JULIE KAVNER
MR. FISK.....HARRY SHEARER
EUGENE.....HANK AZARIA
LENNY.....HANK AZARIA
CARL.....HARRY SHEARER
WAITER.....HARRY SHEARER
SLEAZEBALL.....HANK AZARIA
HOYT.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARTIN.....PAMELA HAYDEN
BOY #1.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
GIRL #1.....YEARDLEY SMITH
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN
FREDDIE.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LEWIS.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
CHUCK.....PAMELA HAYDEN
LIBRARIAN.....YEARDLEY SMITH
LEWIS'S DAD.....HANK AZARIA
AL.....DAN CASTELLANETA

SECRETARY.....YEARDLEY SMITH
LOVEJOY.....HARRY SHEARER
SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER
BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
CLERK.....HANK AZARIA
HAPPY MAN.....HANK AZARIA
LITTLE BOY.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
FUNKY GUY.....HANK AZARIA
BARNEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MOE.....HANK AZARIA
STEWARDESS #1.....PAMELA HAYDEN
STEWARDESS #2.....YEARDLEY SMITH
WIFE #1.....YEARDLEY SMITH
WIFE #2.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
WIFE #3.....PAMELA HAYDEN
MANAGER.....HANK AZARIA
MAN AT DOOR.....HANK AZARIA
STAGE MANAGER.....HANK AZARIA
TICKET-SELLER.....HANK AZARIA
BARKER.....HARRY SHEARER
PRINCESS KASHMIR.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
THEATRE-GOER #1.....HANK AZARIA
THEATRE-GOER #2.....DAN CASTELLANETA
SINGER.....DAN CASTELLANETA

HOMER'S NIGHT OUT

BY

JOHN VITTI

FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

We PULL IN on the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON BATHROOM - MORNING

HOMER is standing in front of the sink wearing tight boxer shorts. He finishes **GARGLING** and steps on the scale.

HOMER

(GASPS) Oh no. Two-hundred-thirty-nine pounds. How could I let myself go like this? I'm a blimp. I got to cut down on those donuts and get back on my exercise regimen.

Homer starts a series of extremely non-strenuous abdominal twists and turns, **GRUNTING** at the exertion. Marge enters.

MARGE

You are not a blimp, Homer. You're my big cuddly teddy bear.

Marge hugs Homer as he exercises.

HOMER

Aw, you're just saying that 'cause
you're my wife.

MARGE

Oh no. I bet all the girls feel the
same way.

HOMER

Well, there is a new girl in Valve
Maintenance down at the plant, and I
gotta tell you, I think the poor young
thing has the hots for me.

MARGE

Homer!

HOMER

(CHUCKLES) Just keepin' you on your
toes, babe. Actually, my assistant
Eugene Fisk has a crush on her. I've
been giving him a few romance pointers,
but just between you and me, the guy's
a hopeless egghead.

Homer continues his exercising.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. BART'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We start CLOSE UP on a black-and-white photograph of a bodybuilder. As the camera PULLS OUT, we see that we are looking at a bodybuilder advertisement headlined, "Scrawny to Brawny in 10 Days", with stunning before-and-after pictures.

BART

Ah, baloney.

Bart turns a page. We see an ad showing a boy wearing "X-RAY TV GLASSES" watching a woman in a bra and panties on his TV set.

BART (CONT'D)

(DISBELIEVING) Yeah, right.

Bart turns another page and we see an ad for "INSTANT HYPNO-COIN," showing a man with swirls for eyes saying, "Certainly, son. Stay up as late as you like."

BART (CONT'D)

Gimme a break.

He turns another page and in the corner, Bart notices an ad for a "GENUINE AUTHENTIC WORKING SPY CAMERA -- JUST LIKE THE CIA USES." The drawing shows a little boy hiding behind the corner of a building as he snaps a photo of two Nazis in an alley exchanging a document.

BART (CONT'D)

Wow! Cool, man! This I gotta get.

Bart jumps off the bed and, comic-book in hand, runs out of the room.

BART (CONT'D)

Oh, man. (CALLING OUT) Hey, Mom!

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bart sees Marge and enters.

BART

Mom, there's this really cool camera,
and it's only six dollars, and I'll let
you use it whenever you want...

MARGE

I don't know if you can get a very good
camera for only six dollars, Bart.

BART

(CONFIDENTIALLY) It's a spy camera,
Mom. It's miniaturized. The CIA uses
it.

MARGE

Well... okay.

INT. BART'S ROOM

Bart is on his bed, filling out the order coupon for the camera. It reads, "Yes! Please rush me my Genuine Authentic Working Spy Camera RIGHT NOW!" Bart AD LIBS: "Wicked cool," "Way to go, Bart," "Yeah -- spy camera," etc.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PUBLIC MAILBOX - STREET - DAY

Bart runs up to the mailbox, jerks open the box and slam dunks the envelope inside.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY

Title appears: SIX MONTHS LATER

At the front door a FEMALE MAIL CARRIER, with mailbag, stands with LISA.

MAIL CARRIER

Here you go, Ms. Simpson.

She hands Lisa a package.

LISA

A package! (DISSAPOINTED) for Bart.

Lisa shuts the door and goes back inside.

LISA

(CALLING OUT) Bart!

INT. SIMPSON DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bart is at the table eating a bowl of Sugary Krusty Flakes. A newspaper is next to Marge's bowl. Lisa enters, holding the package behind her back.

LISA (CONT'D)

Bart, did you order something in the mail?

BART

(STILL EATING) No.

LISA

Are you sure? I got a package here --

BART

I said no.

LISA

--with your name on it.

BART

(GRABBING THE PACKAGE) What! Gimme that! What the hell is this?

He tears open the package and digs through various layers of wrapping material until he gets to a very small box which contains a camera the size of a matchbox.

BART (CONT'D)

Whoa, man. My tiny little spy camera.

Hey, I wonder if this thing really works...

Bart presses the shutter. We hear a CLICK and we
FREEZE FRAME

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the right quadrant of Bart's head.

BART (CONT'D)

...'cause I got a lot of spying to do.

Bart sneaks off stealthily with his camera.

EXT. MASTER BATHROOM

Bart sneaks into the master bathroom. Homer is in his tight boxer shorts. He finishes **GARGLING** and steps on the scale.

HOMER

Oh no! Two-hundred-thirty-nine pounds.

I'm a whale. I got to cut down on those donuts. And I am not gonna miss a morning of exercising.

Homer starts his calisthenics, **GRUNTING**. Marge enters.

MARGE

Don't strain yourself, dear.

HOMER

Right. By the way, Marge, this Friday night I'm gonna be attending a little get-together with the boys at work.

Eugene Fisk is marrying some girl in Valve Maintenance.

MARGE

Homer, is this some kind of stag party?

HOMER

No, no, Marge. It's going to be very
classy, a tea-and-crumpets kind of
thing. (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF) I helped
organize it myself. I guess I'm at the
age now where I have to look out for
the young bucks.

MARGE

Eugene Fisk? Isn't he your assistant?

HOMER

(QUIETLY) No, he's my supervisor.

MARGE

Didn't he used to be your assistant?

HOMER

Hey, what is this? The Spanish
Exposition?

MARGE

Sorry, Homer.

Marge exits. Homer finishes his exercising. He sucks in
his gut and poses in front of the mirror. Bart steps into
the doorway and takes his picture. We hear a CLICK and

FREEZE FRAME

on photo of Homer posing like a muscle-man.

HOMER

Bart! What the hell are you doing?

BART

Sorry, Dad. The answer to that is top
secret.

HOMER

Go bother your mother then.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

We hear the BUZZ of an electric razor and Marge HUMMING, and we see Bart peek around a corner. Bart raises the camera to his eye and snaps a picture. We hear a CLICK and

FREEZE FRAME

on photo of Marge sitting at her vanity with one arm raised above her head, shaving her armpit. She has an outraged look on her face.

MARGE

(TO BART) Bart! Go take some wildlife pictures or something.

Bart sneaks out.

EXT. STREET

Bart parts some bushes and sticks his head through.

BART

Aha!

He snaps a picture. We hear a CLICK and

FREEZE FRAME

on photo of a dead squirrel in the road.

EXT. MOUSEHOLE - SIMPSON HOUSE

Bart sticks his hand with the camera inside a mousehole. We hear a CLICK and

FREEZE FRAME

on photo of a large MOUSE FAMILY looking curiously at the camera.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BART'S ROOM - EVENING

Bart has dropped his pants and is bent over, awkwardly trying to take a picture of his naked butt.

BART

Hey, Lis! First photos of the moon.

Lisa appears in the doorway.

LISA

Your best angle.

We hear the **CLICK** of the camera and

FREEZE FRAME

on an incorrectly framed shot that mostly catches Lisa in the doorway with a disgusted expression.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Marge appears at the doorway of Bart's room. Bart is just hitching his pants back up.

LISA

Mom, Bart was taking a picture of his butt.

BART

Oh sure. Like I'm gonna take a picture of my butt.

MARGE

Stop it, you two, and put on some nice clothes. Since it's just the four of us tonight, we're going to have a special treat. Dinner at the Rusty Scupper.

LISA

Yay! Fried shrimp!

BART

Aw, Mom. Can't we just grab a burger
and a couple of frosty chocolate
milksha... Only four of us? Who's
escaped?

MARGE

Your father. He's having a boys' night
out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE UP

on Homer, who has a cigar in his hand. He looks at it, sniffs it, licks it and then lights it up. He takes two puffs.

HOMER

(PUFFING) Having fun now.

He coughs badly and we

CUT WIDE

The room has a nautical theme. Gathered around a long table are Homer, EUGENE FISK, MR. FISK and some PLANT WORKERS. Everyone, except the Fisks, are smoking big, cheap, smelly cigars and drinking grog and beer out of oversized mugs. The Fisks are wearing nice suits; the others are in shirt-sleeves. Mr. Fisk is standing next to Eugene at the head of the table, making a toast with a discreet glass of sherry.

MR. FISK

And just as I was asking myself, "Where did my seven-year-old boy get the money for a Father's Day present?", I opened the box, and inside was little Eugene's baseball glove. He had given me the one thing that mattered most to him in the whole world. And Eugene, when I see you married tomorrow, I'm going to know just how you felt that day.

EUGENE

I love you, Dad.

MR. FISK

I love you, son.

ON HOMER

He is sitting with CARL and LENNY, who has a hacking cough for a laugh.

HOMER

(ASIDE TO CARL) Where am I... the Planet Cornball?

LENNY

Yesterday I ask the guy if there's anything he wants at the party and he says (HACKING LAUGH) he says, "can I bring my fiancee?"

They all crack up.

CARL

Don't worry. It'll pick up once the...
entertainment gets here.

HOMER

Oooh... entertainment.

INT. RUSTY SCUPPER - NIGHT

Marge, Lisa, Bart and Maggie (in highchair), are at a table. Lisa is wearing a pirate hat made by folding an unused placemat on the dotted lines. There is a "Catch of the Day" sign next to the table near Bart's seat. The removable letters read "COD PLATTER \$4.95." An obsequious WAITER wearing a sailor suit is talking to Bart. We hear muffled SHOUTS in the background.

WAITER

Sorry, me hearty, but if I let a little
matey like you order the Captain's
Grog, why, they'd hang me from the
yardarms. Ahoy, I spy the children's
menu! Ahoy, the Long John Silver comes
with little hot dog chunks.

BART

Ahoy, this place bites.

MARGE

Bart!

WAITER

(TO BART) So, what's it gonna be, me
little bucko?

BART

(SMART ALECKY) I can't decide between
the octopus plate and the breaded eel.

LISA

Ewwww!

BART

(CHUCKLES) Hmmmm... this evening I shall go for the squid platter. Extra tentacles, please.

MARGE

Oh, Bart. (TO WAITER) Excuse me, sir. The party next door seems to be a little raucous. Could you please ask them to quiet down a little bit, please?

WAITER

Aye aye, lady.

We see Bart ready a drinking-straw wrapper to be shot like a blowgun. We watch the waiter walk away. After he leaves the table we see Bart BLOW into the straw. The straw wrapper flies by the waiter's head.

The waiter GRUNTS and whirls around angrily.

WAITER POV - SIMPSON TABLE

Bart is now drinking his soda with the unwrapped straw, looking suspiciously innocent.

BART'S POV

As he drinks we see him filling out a service questionnaire, checking "unsatisfactory" in every category.

INT. RUSTY SCUPPER - DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

The waiter comes down the stairs, tearing off the sailor's hat and jacket. The muffled NOISE is louder. The waiter walks through the door into the kitchen, comes out with a cart full of covered trays and wheels it through a door marked with a skull and crossbones and the inscription "Davey Jones' Locker: Private V.I.P. Lounge." The NOISE grows louder when he opens the door.

INT. PARTY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The waiter enters the room. It is the party room we saw earlier. The plant workers, including Homer, are singing with their arms over each other's shoulders. Eugene and Mr. Fisk are hunched over at the end of the table, exchanging unhappy glances. Homer calls to the waiter as the others continue singing.

WORKERS

(SINGING) "What if I should let you in? What if I should let you in? What if I should let you in", asked the fair young maiden.

HOMER

Woo woo! Wheel those crabs over here!... Come to Papa!

WORKERS

"Open the door, and lie on the floor," said Barnacle Bill the sailor! "Open the door and lie on the floor," said Barnacle Bill the Sailor!

INT. RUSTY SCUPPER - UPSTAIRS

Bart is turned around in his seat. We can't see what he's doing, but when he turns back, we see that he's rearranged the letters on the Catch of the Day sign to read "COLD PET RAT \$4.95." The waiter arrives with a tray of food.

WAITER

(TO MARGE) Here you go... (TO LISA) There you are. (TO MAGGIE) ... for the baby... and one squid platter, extra tentacles.

The waiter slides a plate of squid tentacles towards Bart. Bart stares at the plate. The smile fades from his face. Bart turns pale and woozily slides under the table.

MARGE

Bart! Quit fooling around and eat your dinner.

LISA

Yeah. Eat it, Bart.

Bart pokes his head back up.

BART

May I please be excused for a minute?

MARGE

Okay, but don't dawdle. Your food will get cold.

Bart MOANS, gets up and leaves the table.

INT. PARTY ROOM

CARL, a plant worker, addresses Eugene. A very large gift-wrapped box is next to them. Mr. Fisk has his arm around Eugene. Eugene is about to cut the ribbon with a pair of scissors.

EUGENE

An electric range?

CARL

(CHUCKLES) No.

EUGENE

A china cabinet?

CARL

Uh-uh. On behalf of all the guys here,
I'd just like to say -- cut loose,
Eugene baby!

Eugene cuts the ribbon, and the front of the box opens revealing a curtain hanging to the floor. A SLEAZEBALL in a golden turban and purple cape steps out from behind the curtain. He is holding a ghetto blaster that is playing **ARABIAN BELLY-DANCING MUSIC**. Everyone is stunned for a moment. They MURMUR. Just then a BELLY DANCER in a harem outfit emerges from the box, swaying seductively.

SLEAZEBALL

Presenting Princess Kashmir, Queen of
the Mysterious East!

The workers begin to OOOH and AHHH. Their enthusiasm builds to BARKS and HOWLS. The belly dancer dances around the Fisks, who look sick.

MR. FISK

Please don't tell your mother.

EUGENE

Please, please don't tell my fiancee.

ON HOYT

HOYT

Now this is what I call a party.

LENNY

It doesn't get better than this.

HOMER

(RE EUGENE) Ooh, look at him squirm.

CUT WIDE

Princess Kashmir, finding the Fisks unresponsive, turns toward Homer. Homer enthusiastically takes it all in until he realizes she has singled him out.

HOMER

(GULPS)

HOYT

Go for it, Homer!

LENNY

She wants you!

Hoyt gives Homer a shove from behind and Homer reluctantly makes a few dance-like moves. The revelers **HOWL** encouragement, and **AD LIB**: "Shake it, Homer," "Go, Homer, go," "Party," "Owww", etc.

Homer, emboldened, begins to enjoy being in the spotlight. He **CHUCKLES** and dances more vigorously when someone places the gold turban on his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RUSTY SCUPPER - DOWNSTAIRS

Bart walks out of the "Buoys" Room past the "Gulls" Room and, hearing the enticing sounds of belly-dancing **MUSIC** and men enjoying themselves, continues down the hallway toward Davey Jones' Locker. He opens the door.

BART

(GASPS) Aye carumba!

INT. PARTY ROOM

An open-shirted Homer is up on the table, dancing with abandon with Princess Kashmir. He is wearing the Sleazeball's golden turban and purple cape. The Princess casts aside a veil and in response, Homer tosses away the turban and cape. The Princess undulates at Homer and he shakes his belly from side to side in response.

CARL

Hey, get a load of those navel
maneuvers! (CHUCKLES) Get it?

Homer takes a dollar bill and stuffs it into the top of the Princess' pants. Bart, without taking his eyes off the scene, reaches into his pocket and brings out the spy camera.

BART

(AWESTRUCK) Wow, man.

We hear the **CLICK** of the camera and

FREEZE FRAME

on a smiling, open-shirted Homer stuffing money into the
Princess' cleavage.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOL - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

We **PULL IN** on the school.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL - DARKROOM - DAY

A group of nerdy students, led by **MARTIN PRINCE**, are huddled around bowls of chemicals.

MARTIN

The meeting of the Future Photographers
of America is now in session.

He **BANGS** a gavel. We **PAN ACROSS** row of students. Each has a large, expensive camera. We end on Bart with his miniature camera.

MARTIN

We would like to welcome our new
member, Bart Simpson.

MONTAGE:

(A) Bart opens his camera and pulls out an extremely slender roll of film.

(B) As Milhouse watches, Bart shakes a canister of film developing solution (looking a little like Carmen Miranda).

(C) Bart adjusts the focus on the printer.

(D) We are CLOSE ON developer tray as a print of Homer dancing with Princess Kashmir fades in.

MARTIN

My goodness! Quite exciting.

BOY #1

Will you look at that?

PULL OUT

To reveal photography club gathered around Bart, who holds up the dripping photo.

GIRL #1

Extremely sensual.

BOY #1

The subtle gray tones recall the work
of Helmut Newton.

BOY #1

I don't know who that curvaceous
goddess is, but it's clear the camera
worships her.

MARTIN

Who is she, Bart?

BART

Beats me, but the guy dancing with her
is my Pop.

ALL KIDS

Wow!

BOY #1

Bart, I'd really appreciate a print of
your masterwork.

The other kids AD LIB "Yeah," "Me too," "One for me," "I'll take one," etc.

BART

Sorry guys. No can do.

The boys exit GRUMBLING.

MILHOUSE

Come on, Bart. You're gonna make me a print, aren't you?

BART

Will you swear not to let another living soul get a copy of this photo?

MILHOUSE

Okay.

BART

Cross your heart and hope to die?

MILHOUSE

Yep.

BART

Stick a needle in your eye?

MILHOUSE

Yep.

BART

Jam a dagger in your thigh?

MILHOUSE

Yep.

BART

Eat a horse manure pie?

MILHOUSE

(PAUSE) Yep.

BART

Wpw/ Well, okay, man.

He starts to make another print.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY

Milhouse is showing his picture to FREDDIE.

MILHOUSE

(WHISPERS) Psst. Look what I got.

Milhouse opens his notebook for a moment, flashing the Homer photo, then slams the notebook shut.

FREDDIE

Woo! I got to have a copy of that.

MILHOUSE

Sorry. No can do.

FREDDIE

Aw come on, Milhouse.

MILHOUSE

Well, okay.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - NEAR XEROX MACHINE

Milhouse and Freddie are at the machine. Milhouse puts the photo in the xerox machine and puts the nickel in the slot. We hear the CLINK of the nickel and the HUM of the machine and see a copy come out.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

LEWIS

Hey, Bart, how come Milhouse gets a copy of your girlie picture and I don't? I thought I was your friend, too.

BART

Oh, all right, man. Come on.

INT. LIBRARY NEAR XEROX MACHINE

Freddie, whose just gotten his picture from Milhouse, grabs a stack of xeroxes, takes his original and crosses right. Bart and Lewis walk up and start to make another copy.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIBRARY NEAR XEROX MACHINE - A LITTLE LATER

Milhouse puts the photo in the xerox machine and puts the nickel in the slot. We hear the CLINK of the nickel and the HUM of the machine and see a copy come out.

MILHOUSE

You gotta swear not to give this to anybody.

GIRL #11

Sure, man. On my momma's grave.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - NEAR XEROX MACHINE - A LITTLE LATER

Lewis and another boy stand at the Xerox machine. Lewis puts his copy of the photo into the copier. CHUCK, sitting at a nearby table, holds up his copy of the photo.

CHUCK

If you set it on "dark" the bald guy's face comes out clearer.

LEWIS

Thanks.

Lewis puts the nickel in, then calls to a nearby LIBRARIAN.

LEWIS

Hey, the machine's out of paper.

LIBRARIAN

Again?

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY

DISSOLVE TO:

A montage of nickels being inserted into the Xerox machine slot and copies of the Homer photo coming out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LEWIS'S HOUSE - DAY

Lewis stands sadly before his parents, who are holding out the Homer photo.

LEWIS'S DAD

Son, where did you get your hands on something as sleazy and cheap as -- wait a minute, I know this guy. He bowls for the power-plant team.

(CHUCKLES) I'm going to bring this little doozy to work tomorrow.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

AL, an executive in a suit, is on the phone in his large office. Behind him, a copy of the Homer picture is coming out of his fax machine. Above the picture on the fax paper is the inscription "Take this job and stuff it."

AL

(CHUCKLING) Mike? This is Al. Just wanted to thank you for that "informative memo" you faxed me.

INT. REV. LOVEJOY'S STUDY - DAY

The REVEREND is reading when his SECRETARY enters.

SECRETARY

Reverend, Mrs. Lovejoy confiscated this from one of the boys in the choir.

LOVEJOY POV

He is looking at the photo of Homer.

LOVEJOY (V.O.)

Oh my. Why, this sheep has strayed from my own flock. He was at service just last Sunday. His name's...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - DAY

BURNS POV

He is also holding the photo.

SMITHERS (V.O.)

Homer Simpson, sir. A safety inspector in sector 7-G.

BURNS AND SMITHERS

BURNS

Simpson, eh? A family man?

SMITHERS

Wife and three kids, sir.

BURNS

I'd like to see our self-styled
Valentino tomorrow morning, Smithers.

INT. QUICK-E-MART - EVENING

Homer walks up to the counter with a donut and hands the CLERK two dollars.

HOMER

One glazed and one scratch-and-win,
please.

CLERK

You look familiar, sir. Are you on the television or something?

HOMER

Sorry, buddy. You got me confused with Fred Flintstone. (CHUCKLES)

As the clerk reaches to get Homer his lottery ticket, we see that the "Take This Job and Stuff It" fax with Homer's picture is taped behind the counter. Homer begins scratching the ticket boxes off.

HOMER

Oooh, Liberty bell! (GASPS) Another one! One more and I'm a millionaire. Come on, Liberty bell! Please, please, please, please, please. (ANNOYED GRUNT) Watermelon! Where was that stupid watermelon yesterday?

Homer tears up his ticket.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Rip-off... never win... I don't know
why...

A HAPPY MAN enters, notices Homer, and gives him a two-thumbs-up sign.

HAPPY MAN

Hey, hey! Looking good!

HOMER

What are you on, pal? (MUMBLES TO
HIMSELF)

A LITTLE BOY enters and spots Homer.

LITTLE BOY

Hey, mister! (HUMS BELLY DANCING
MUSIC) Doo doo doo doo doo, doo dee
doo dee doo dee doo...

HOMER

Well, doo dee doo doo to you, too!

Looking at the clerk, Homer makes the "cuckoo" sign, twirling his finger at his temple.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Man, you get a lot of nutcases in here.

CLERK

We certainly do, let me tell you. The
other night I was here, it must have
been a full moon or something.

Homer starts out the door.

CLERK (CONT'D)

There was a parade of them. In and out all night. I've seen things you can't imagine. One guy filched the beer right in front of my...

Homer exits.

EXT. QUICK-E-MART PARKING LOT

Homer crosses to his car. A FUNKY GUY comes in the opposite direction, doing a little belly dance.

FUNKY GUY

Hey hey hey!

Homer does a dance in return.

HOMER

Keep on truckin', buddy. (TO HIMSELF)

Whew!

Homer gets in his car.

EXT. INTERSECTION

Homer pulls up to a stoplight. A carful of TEENAGE GIRLS pull up next to him. They are all gyrating. Homer delightedly returns the dance in response. The girls **APPLAUD**.

HOMER

Hmmmm... still got it!

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE

Homer pulls up, gets out of his car, picks up a copy of the evening paper, and jauntily strides to the front door as Marge opens it.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

HOMER

Hello, my sweet.

Homer and Marge kiss. Bart enters and spots the paper.

BART

Ah! The funnies. I'll take that,
thank you very much.

Bart opens the paper and sees the photo of Homer printed on the lower half of the front page. Underneath the photo is the headline, "SMUTTY PHOTO ROCKS SPRINGFIELD. A sub-heading reads "LEWD, CRUDE, SEMI-NUDE." Another sub-heading reads "'SICKENING FILTH,' SAY PARENTS, TEACHERS AND CLERGY".

BART

Hey Dad, we're famous!

HOMER

What are you talking about, boy?

BART

I'm a photographer, and you're my
subject.

HOMER

Give me that.

He grabs the paper.

HOMER

(GASPS) Why you little...

Homer grabs Bart but Marge grabs the paper.

MARGE

Homer!

HOMER

What?

MARGE

Bart, exit the room.

BART

Say no more.

Bart zips out of the room, slamming the door behind him. Marge and Homer stare at each other. Homer **CHUCKLES NERVOUSLY**.

HOMER

Now, Marge. You're angry. I understand that. But I want you to know there's nothing between me and Princess Kashmir!

MARGE

Princess Kashmir?

HOMER

Or whatever... you know you're the only one for me, honey.

MARGE

I don't want to hear it, you silver-tongued demon! Get out!

HOMER

But Marge...

MARGE

Out! Out! Out!

She shoves him toward the door.

HOMER

Aw, come on, Marge.

MARGE

No. Get out of my house!

She gives him another shove out the front door and **SLAMS** it.

EXT, SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Homer stands on the lawn, staring at the house in confusion and disbelief. He **SIGHS**. A few beats later, the front door **CREAKS** open. Homer sees Marge.

HOMER

Aw, I knew you'd come to your...

Marge throws a packed suitcase which hits him in the face with a **WHOMP**. Homer **GRUNTS** in pain. The door **SLAMS** shut. The suitcase pops open and spills the clothes on the lawn.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Homer sits at the bar next to BARNEY, glumly nursing a drink. MOE is behind the bar. A sign behind the bar reads "Ladies Night: Unescorted Ladies Drink Free." As a result, there's a middle-aged WOMAN in an overcoat at the bar tonight.

MOE

What's the matter, Homer? Hottest
Ladies Night in months and you're not
even checking out the action.

HOMER

Oh, Moe. I'm embroiled in a scandal
all because of some damn picture.

MOE

This one?

Moe points to the wall, where a xerox copy of the photo hangs in a frame.

HOMER

(EXASPERATED MOAN)

MOE

Would you mind autographing it, Homer?

HOMER

No! Because of that photo my wife gave
me the old heave-ho.

Everyone at the bar AD LIBS: "Oh, no", "That's terrible", "Not really?", etc.

BARNEY

So where are you gonna stay tonight,
Homer?

HOMER

I don't know... some cheap motel.

BARNEY

No way, Homer. You're gonna stay with
me.

HOMER

No, Barn. I'm staying at a cheap
motel.

BARNEY

But I'm reaching out to you, Homer.

HOMER

And I'm recoiling.

BARNEY

(BREAKING DOWN) But, Homer, I just
want to help you out in your time of
need. I can't picture you staying in
some horrible...

HOMER

All right, all right. Let's go.

Barney puts his arm around Homer and they start out of the
bar.

BARNEY

You know why I'm so sympathetic to your
plight, Homer? (BURPS) 'Cause I've
been there myself. Believe me, the
first three years are the worst.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIESTA TERRACE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

There's a big banner reading "Young Singles Living - Rent
Now."

INT. BARNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The place is a mess, with dirty clothes lying on the floor
and hanging on doorknobs, fresh laundry drying out on the
porch, and dishes stacked in the sink. There is a stack of
Playdude magazines in the bookcase. On the wall is a faded
and peeling Farrah Fawcett-Majors poster. Barney is going
through the refrigerator; Homer stares sadly out the
window.

BARNEY

If you get hungry in the middle of the
night, there's beer in the fridge.

Barney joins Homer at the window. Homer points outside.

HOMER

Look, Barney. See that row of tiny
lights up there? The middle one is my
house. Someone must have left the
porch light on.

BARNEY

Hey, that's rough, pal.

Homer continues to stare out the window. Barney goes over
to the phone and dials it.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Marge! You left the damn porch light on.

HOMER

Barney!

Homer falls off his chair, runs over to the phone and wrestles it away from Barney. We hear Marge's puzzled MURMURS over the receiver.

HOMER

Don't listen to him, Marge, he's...

We HEAR the phone being hung-up and the SOUND of a dial tone. Homer puts down the receiver and MUTTERS in a despaired tone.

BARNEY

Homer, you're overwrought. Why don't you unwind a little bit? Party down the hall -- hot and cold running stewardesses!

HOMER

I just want to crawl into bed.

Barney picks up a can of "Swanky Gent" hair-thickening gel off the floor, sprays some into his hand and works it into his hair.

BARNEY

Suit yourself, Homer. The couch folds out and there's sheets in the hamper.
Nighty-night.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARNEY'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

The lights are off. Homer is **SNORING** as he sleeps on the fold-out bed with no covers. **DISCO MUSIC** from the party is audible through the walls. Barney staggers in with **TWO GIRLS** in stewardess uniforms and **CLICKS** the lights on.

BARNEY

(LOUD WHISPER) Shh! Shh! He's sleeping. See, girls? What did I tell you?

One of the girls takes out her copy of the Springfield Shopper and holds the belly dancer photo up to Homer's face.

STEWARDESS #1

Wake him up. I want to meet him.

BARNEY

I can't wake him up.

STEWARDESS #2

Then take our picture with him.

BARNEY

Oh, okay.

She takes a Polaroid camera out of her purse and hands it to Barney. The two women sit on the bed and hold Homer's face between theirs. Homer is awakened by the **CLICK** and **FLASH** of the camera.

HOMER

What the--? Gimme that camera!

Homer grabs the camera from Barney, rips the picture apart and stomps on the camera with exasperated **GRUNTS**.

BARNEY

Aw, Homer.

Homer runs out the door, **SLAMMING** it behind him.

STEWARDESS #1

Oooh, moody.

BARNEY

That's the price of fame.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - PARKING LOT - MORNING

The sun is rising over the plant. We see Homer sleeping in his car. He is roused by a man putting a flyer under his windshield wiper.

HOMER'S POV - FLYER (THROUGH WINDSHIELD)

It is an ad for Happy Hour at the Rusty Scupper, featuring the photo of Homer with the belly dancer. "Belly up to the bar for a treasure chest of values," it says, and lists happy hour prices and names for each drink: Dancin' Homer, Homer Wallbanger, Fuzzy Homer's Navel. Homer GROANS as he walks toward the plant.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Bart, Lisa, Maggie and Marge are at the table. They are all eating oatmeal, CLANKING their spoons and SPLURPING joylessly. Bart and Lisa exchange worried looks.

LISA

(WHISPERS TO BART) I wonder when Dad's coming home.

Everyone stops eating and stares in shock. Two beats later they bow their heads and resume SLURPING joylessly.

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - MORNING

Homer is at work. We see various WORKERS WHISPERING behind his back.

INT. AEROBICS CLASSROOM - DAY

Marge is among the WOMEN in spandex suits and leg warmers getting ready for class. The others cluster together as Marge limbers up. Marge hears them but pretends not to.

WIFE #1

I heard that he left the house last night and never came back.

WIFE #2

Maybe Marge should be taking belly dancing lessons instead of aerobics.

WIFE #3

It's just as much her fault for putting up with it. There are books about this.

NEW ANGLE

We see the wives' infants in the corner of the room. Maggie is alone, looking worried, as the others SUCK behind her back.

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

Homer is still working.

SMITHERS (V.O.)

(OVER P.A.) Homer Simpson! Homer Simpson! Report at once to Mr. Burns' office.

HOMER

(GULPS)

INT. BURNS' OFFICE - MORNING

Mr. Burns is seated behind his desk. Smithers stands next to him. Homer is seated in front of the desk.

BURNS

Just what in H-E-double toothpicks do you think you're doing, Simpson?

HOMER

What do you mean, sir?

BURNS

I mean this!

Burns takes out the Springfield Shopper, Rusty Scupper flyer and assorted xeroxes and faxes of Bart's photo.

BURNS (CONT'D)

A plant employee carrying on like an oversexed orangutan in heat! Get this through your head, Simpson: This is a family nuclear power plant. Our research indicates that over 50 percent of our power is used by women. I will not have you offending my customers with your bawdy shenanigans! Keep yourself under control, Simpson! Think about rock collecting! Do some pushups!

HOMER

Yes, sir. I promise.

Homer starts to go.

BURNS

Just a second, Simpson! Smithers, would you leave the room for a minute?

SMITHERS

Yes, sir.

Smithers leaves. Homer sits back down.

BURNS

Simpson, I am by most measures a successful man. I have wealth and power beyond the dreams of you and your clock-punching ilk. And yet, I've led a solitary life. The fair sex remains a mystery to me. You seem to have a way with women, a certain... how shall I put it? Animal magnetism. Help me, Simpson. Tell me your secret.

HOMER

Uh... Mr. Burns, in spite of what everybody thinks, I'm no lover-boy.

BURNS

Simpson, I'm asking you nicely.

HOMER

I don't really know, sir.

BURNS

(ANGRILY) Simpson!

HOMER

Uh... Well... Wine 'em, dine 'em, bring 'em flowers, write 'em love poems. That stuff seems to work.

BURNS

Of course! It's simplicity itself! I won't forget this, Simpson. Now return to your work, and tell no one of what transpired here.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bart and Lisa are watching TV when there is a KNOCK on the door. Homer sticks his head in sheepishly.

HOMER

(LOW) Anybody home?

LISA

(LOW) Hi, Daddy.

Lisa hugs Homer.

BART

(LOW) Welcome back, Dad.

HOMER

(LOW) How's your Mom?

LISA

(LOW) She's still kinda ticked off.

BART

(LOW) Yeah, good luck, man.

HOMER

(LOW) Thanks, boy.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN AFTERNOON

Homer walks into kitchen. Marge sits at the table, staring at him.

HOMER

Hello, Marge. It's me. Homer.

Marge continues to stare at him.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Are you still mad?... you are still
mad. Can I have some milk?

Homer grabs a carton of milk off the counter and pours
himself a glass. He drinks, leaving a milk moustache.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Look, I'm not drinking out of the
carton. And I played your birthday in
the lotto today. (BREAKING DOWN) Come
on, Marge. Can't you please forgive
me? I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

MARGE

Homer! You don't even know why you're
apologizing.

HOMER

Yes I do. Because I'm (PITIFULLY)
hungry... my clothes are smelly... and
I'm tired.

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR)

HOMER

Am I warm? Give me a hint.

MARGE

I'm mad at you because you taught Bart
a very bad lesson. Your boy idolizes
you.

HOMER

He does not!

MARGE

Yes he does, Homer. And when he sees
you treating women as objects, he's
going to think that it's okay. You owe
your son better than that, Homer.

HOMER

So what should I do, Marge?

MARGE

I want you to take Bart to meet that
belly dancer. I want him to see that
she's a real person with thoughts and
feelings, and I want him to see you
apologize for the way you treated her.

HOMER

Your wish is my command, my little...

MARGE

(SHARPLY) Do it!

Homer hustles out the kitchen.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLORENCE OF ARABIA - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The sign outside reads "Florence of Arabia -- Middle Eastern cuisine and exotic dancing." There is a painting of a belly dancer on the wall. Homer drags a wide-eyed Bart inside.

INT. FLORENCE OF ARABIA - DINING ROOM

Homer is talking with the manager. Bart is watching a belly dancer who is moving among the tables.

MANAGER

Princess Kashmir? You must mean April Flowers. She's working over at the Girlesque.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GIRLESQUE - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The neon sign outside has a dancing girl effect similar to the shooting cowboy in Las Vegas. Below that is a sign advertising "Dancing Girls: Thursday - Wet T-Shirt Contest, Friday - Miss Semi-Nude Springfield Contest, Saturday - Miss Teeny-Weeny Bikini Contest, Sunday - Best Chest In the Mid-West Contest. Mature Audiences Only."

INT. GIRLESQUE - CONTINUOUS

Homer is talking to a MAN at the door. Bart is staring with bugged-out eyes at the stage, where a MAN is throwing buckets of water onto O.S. WOMEN.

HOMER

You see, I'm trying to teach my son
here about treating woman as objects.

MAN AT DOOR

Good idea. April's fighting at Foxy
Boxing: Ask for the Raging Heifer.

Homer yanks Bart's out.

INT. FOXY BOXING - A LITTLE LATER

Homer is talking with the TICKET-SELLER. In the back room, we see two WOMEN in skimpy outfits in a boxing ring. Bart is jumping up and down, trying to see over two MEN who are standing in the doorway.

TICKET-SELLER

Just let me say it's an honor to have
Springfield's number one swinger --

HOMER

Forget it. I'm teaching the boy a
lesson. Is she here or not?

TICKET-SELLER

Nahhh, she's one of the Naughty Nurses
at the Club Mud. Say, could we get a
photo --?

HOMER

(SHARPLY) No!

Homer pulls Bart out the door.

INT. CLUB MUD - A LITTLE LATER

Homer is in the background, talking to the MANAGER. CHEERS are heard from the upstairs room. Two mud-covered WOMEN come down the stairs and walk by a catatonic Bart on their way to the dressing room. A BARKER is heard on a P.A. speaker.

BART

Whoa, mama!

BARKER (V.O.)

(OVER SPEAKER) Oily goils toil in the
soil! Unshod bogs plod in the sod!
That's right, it's a nonstop flop in
the slop, so come on up!

Homer leaves the manager and comes over to Bart.

HOMER

Let's go. She's not here anymore.

BART

Maybe we should look around just to be
sure.

Homer yanks Bart out the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAWDY SHOP

Homer is on a pay phone in the lobby. He is YELLING into the phone over CHEESY DISCO MUSIC.

HOMER

(OVER PHONE) Okay, honey. It's gonna
take a little bit longer then I
thought. We're on our way over to the
Sapphire Lounge. (COVERS PHONE - TO
BART) Bart! Get away from there!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. YE OLDE OFF RAMP INN - EVENING

We see Homer drive up and drag Bart toward the Sapphire Lounge, where the sign outside reads "Reno-style Revue. 23 of the World's Most Beautiful Women."

INT. SAPPHIRE LOUNGE - A LITTLE LATER

Homer, with Bart next to him, is searching around backstage as the WOMEN walk by. They are dressed in frilly sequined fantasy outfits as angels, fairy queens, cats and birds.

HOMER

There she is! Hey, Princess! It's me,
the guy from the picture!

Homer and Bart run over to where Princess Kashmir is standing. She is wearing a birdlike outfit, with big wings and a feathery headdress. She is standing next to a big white bird cage.

PRINCESS KASHMIR

Hey, big fella. What's shakin'?

STAGE MANAGER (V.O.)

Places, ladies! Places!

The Princess steps into the bird cage and Homer follows her.

HOMER

Look, I'm here because I want to apologize. So I apologize. I also want my boy here to find out that you're more than a gyrating belly. I want him to meet the woman behind all the spangles and glitter and find out that she has thoughts and feelings, too. Could you tell him a little about yourself?

PRINCESS KASHMIR

Well, my stage name's Shawna Tifton and I hate rude people and my favorite author is Jackie Collins.

The bird cage lurches and, making HYDRAULIC NOISES, starts to rise off the floor.

HOMER

There, boy, have you learned your lesson yet? (REALIZING) What the--?!

ON STAGE

The musical number begins. A SINGER steps into the spotlight.

SINGER

(SINGS) A pretty girl is like a
melody...

The lights come up, showing the DANCERS about the stage, playing their harps, waving their wands, flapping their wings. The cage, containing Homer and the Princess, rises off the floor and into the air.

HOMER

I gotta get out of here. I gotta get
out of here.

Homer opens the cage and lowers himself on the bars to drop down, but the cage has risen to a dangerous height.

HOMER

(LOOKING DOWN) Oh no.

PRINCESS KASHMIR

Get out of my cage! I'll lose my job.

She steps on Homer's hands. Homer lets go and drops.

HOMER

(SHRIEKS) Ahhhhhh!

Homer lands with an OOOOFF on a huge staircase which is the centerpiece of the show. It is lined with BEAUTIFUL WOMEN. Homer rolls down the entire length of the stairs GRUNTING in pain every step of the way. The orchestra stops playing and the audience MURMURS anxiously.

THEATRE-GOER #1

Hey, it's the guy from the picture.

ON BURNS

Burns sits at a table with TWO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN. Smithers is serving them champagne.

BURNS

It's Homer Simpson!

The audience starts to **APPLAUD** and **CHANT**, "Homer, Homer, Homer." The orchestra resumes playing, "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody."

ON HOMER

Homer starts to dance with the chorus girls. Suddenly, something O.S. catches Homer's attention.

HOMER'S POV

Bart is looking at him with admiration.

HOMER

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Stop
clapping... Quiet please... I have
something to say. Quiet!

NEW ANGLE

ON MARGE

as she enters the showroom.

MARGE

My goodness!

BURNS

Down in front.

Marge steps aside.

HOMER

I have something to say to all the sons out there; to all the boys; to all the men; to all of us. It's about women, and how they are not mere objects with curves that make us crazy. No, they are our wives, they are our daughters, our sisters, our grandmas, our aunts, our nieces and nephews -- well, not our nephews -- they are our mothers. I have recently discovered this thought. And you know something, folks? As corny as it sounds, I would rather feel the sweet breath of my beautiful wife on my neck than stuff dollar bills into some tantalizing G-string. Am I wrong, or am I right?

We hear audience **AD LIB**: "Damn right!", "You're right!", "Right on", etc. There's not a dry eye in the house. We hear **SNIFFLS** in the audience.

THEATRE-GOER #1

I wanna go home to see my Mom.

THEATRE-GOER #2

Me too.

We hear more audience **AD LIBS**: "Come on, honey." "Let's go." "I'm not in the mood for cheap thrills any more." We hear the **SCRAPING** of chairs being pushed back as the audience starts to leave.

Standing in the back of the hall, Marge has tears in her eyes.

MARGE

(CALLING OUT) Homer!

HOMER

Marge!

Marge runs up on stage to Homer. They embrace. The audience bursts out in **APPLAUSE** as Homer and Marge kiss romantically.

BURNS

How does he do it, Smithers? How does he do it?

SMITHERS

He's a love machine, sir.

Bart steps out on stage and motions for quiet with his hands.

BART

All right, show's over, folks. Move along now. There's nothing more to see here.

Marge and Homer continue kissing.

FADE OUT.

THE END